

Robert H. Strickland

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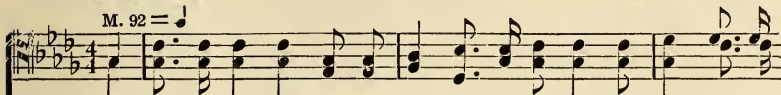
God's Promises Hold.

C. Louise Bell.

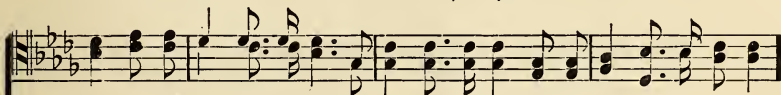
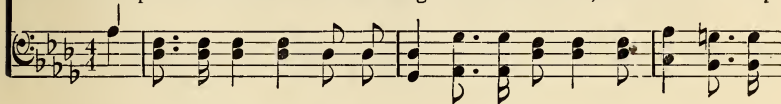
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

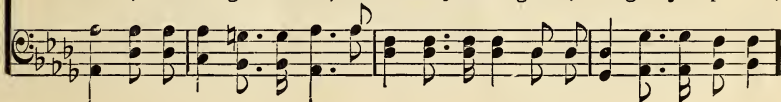
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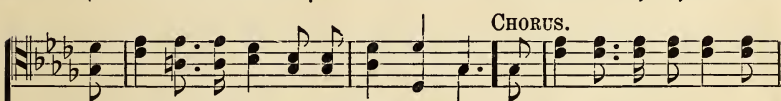
1. God's prom-is-es hold! Like an an-chor un-fail-ing, The words of as-
2. God's prom-is-es hold! there's a hope for the mor-row, What-ev-er the
3. God's prom-is-es hold with a strength that's e-ter-nal, In times of temp-



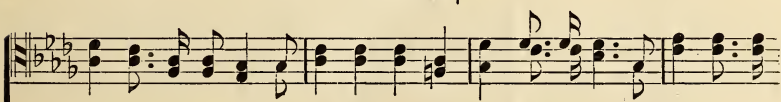
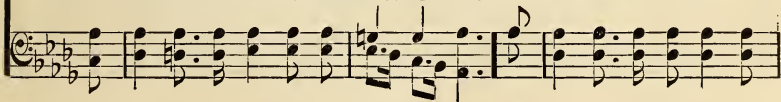
sur-ance He speaks to the soul; No fear shall affright, tho' the storms are prevailing,
grief which may come with to-day; They offer a comfort and balm for each sorrow,
ta-tion, when dan-gers as-sail; Their beauty is changeless, their glo-ry su-per-nal,



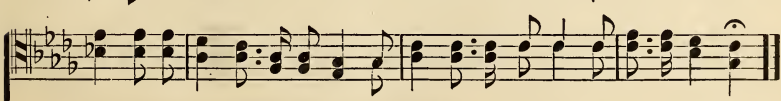
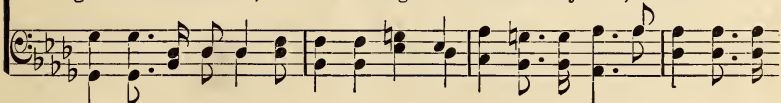
CHORUS.



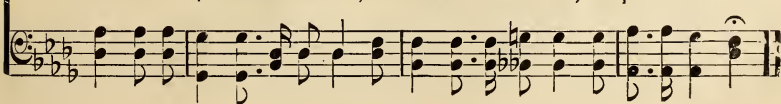
There's peace in the heart, tho' the bil-lows roll.
They glad-den and brighten the homeward way. In sun-shine or shad-ow, in
The words of as-sur-ance which nev-er fail.



glad-ness or sor-row, What-e'er the gift the fu-ture may hold; The Word of the




Lord has a hope for the morrow, And firm as an an-chor, His prom-is-es hold!

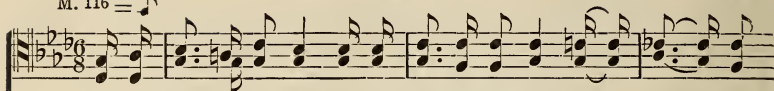


The Old Rugged Cross.

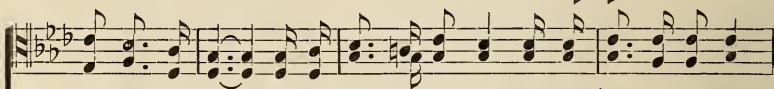
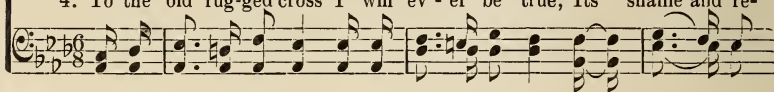
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Rev. Geo. Bennard.
Arr. by Edwin H. Forkel.

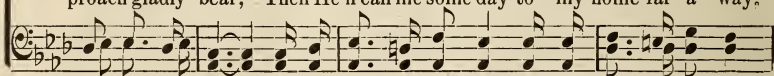
G. B.
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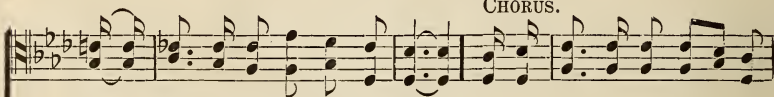
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-



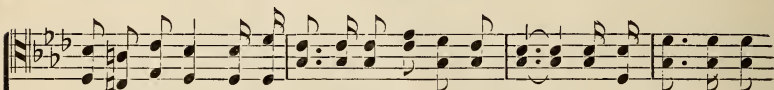
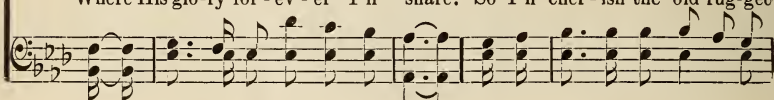
suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the Dear-est and Best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a -bove,
beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way.



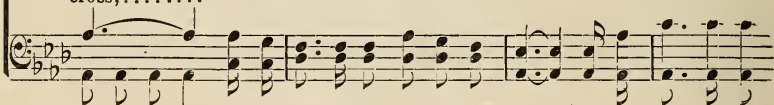
CHORUS.



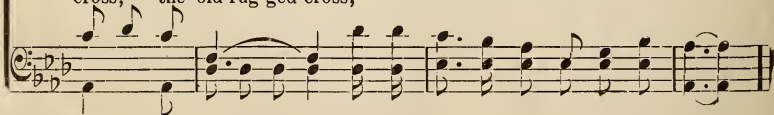
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry. So I'll cher-ish the cross, tn-
To par-don and sanc-ti - fy me.
Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-geo



old rug-ged cross, Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
cross,



old rug-ged cross,, And ex-change it some day for a crown
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

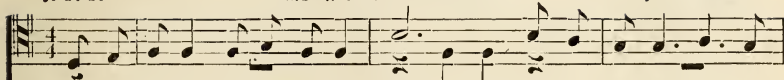


The Unwritten Gospel.


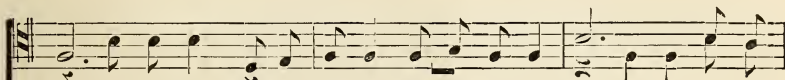
J. P. S.

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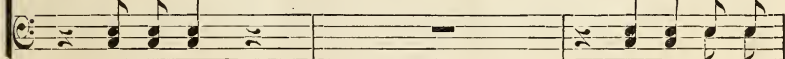
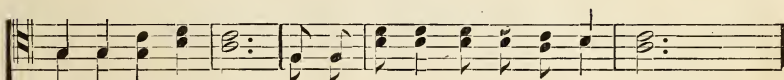
J. P. Scofield.



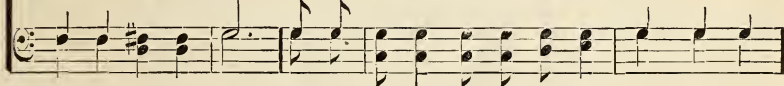
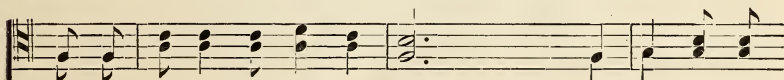
1. There's a gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you (to you) Men are read-ing ev-'ry
2. If men followed the gos-pel by you (by you) Would it lead them to the
3. Are you eas-ing some oth-er one's load (one's load) By your liv-ing day by

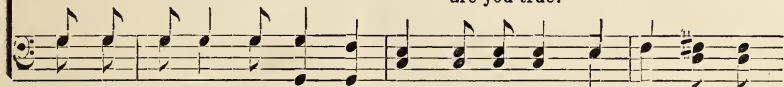

day, (ev-'ry day) As they read it ac-cord-ing to you, (to you) Do they
Lord? (to the Lord) If they lived it ac-cord-ing to you, (to you) Would they
day? (day by day) Are you smoothing the oth-er man's road, (his road) Helping

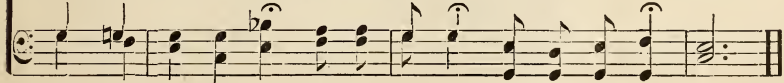
find the heav'n-ward way?
have a great re-ward? There's a gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you; (to you;)
him a-long the way?

Are you al-ways to Je-sus true? are you true? Do men see to-

day that bet-ter way, In the gos-pel ac-cord-ing to you?



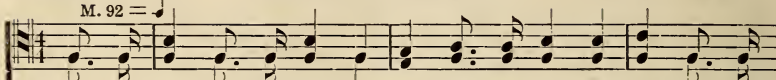
In His Train.

Lizzie DeArmond.

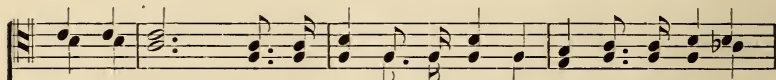
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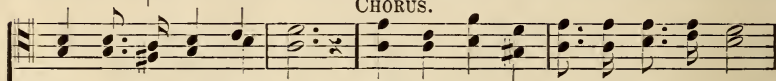


1. Let us fol - low His train o'er moun-tain and plain, Our ban - ners of
 2. Let us fol - low His train and strive to ob - tain New cour-age to
 3. Let us fol - low His train thro' sun-shine and rain, Both loy - al at

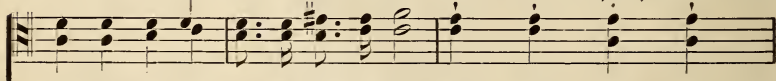


light un - furled! As re - joic - ing we go, His col - ors we show—The
 meet each day; We are nev - er a - lone! He shield-eth His own, If
 heart and true; In a grand, no - ble quest seek on - ly the best, The

CHORUS.



King of the whole wide world!
 faith - ful they prove al - way. Fol - low, fol - low in His glo - rious train,
 will of our King to do.



Shout-ing, sing-ing as we march a - way; We will fol - low
 We will fol - low, fol - low in His



in His train, The might - y King who reigns for aye.
 train, His glo - rious train, The might - y King who reigns for aye.

I Want My Life to Tell.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A-mid life's bus- y, hurrying throng, The gay, the sad, the weak, the strong,
 2. I want to be a bea-con light, To cheer way-far-ers in their night,
 3. I want my life with Je - sus hid, That I may do what he shall bid,
 4. To wealth and fame I would not climb, But I would know God's peace sub-lime

While I am trav-el-ling a-long, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
 And help them on their way a-right; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
 I want to love as Je - sus did; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
 And ev'-ry-where—and all the time, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I want my life..... to tell for Je - sus! I want my
 I want my life

life.....
 I want my life to tell for Je - sus, That ev'-ry-where I go

Men may his goodness know, I want my life to tell for Je - sus!

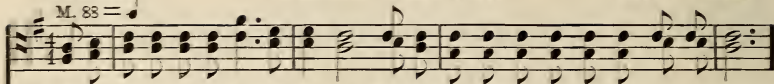
In the Morning.

C. McKibbin.

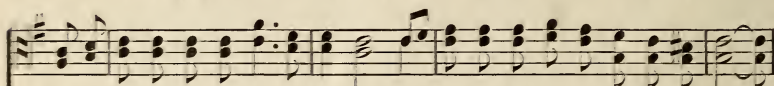
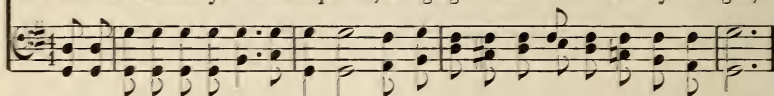
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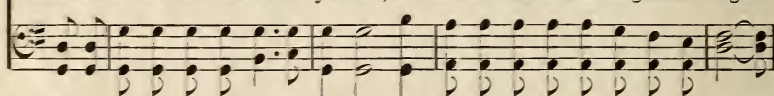
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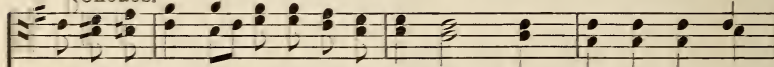
1. In the morning we shall see the homeland, When the shadows and the night have passed away;
2. In the morning we shall see our loved ones, When the mists of time have rolled themselves away;
3. Tho' the way just now be somewhat dreary, And our sorrows wring the heart with bitter pain,
4. Out of tri-als man-y He has conquered, Bringing life and im-mor-tal-i-ty to light;



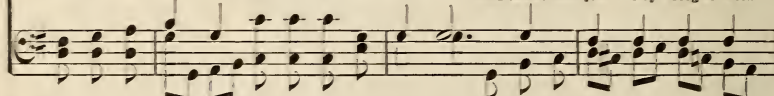
In the morning we shall see the Sav-ior, And walk with Him thro' all the perfect day.
And the joy of all this glo-rious vi-sion Shall make the song thro'-out eternal day.
We will look to see His form be-fore us, For He has trod this pathway just the same.
And we fol-low with the heav'nly vision, Un - til our faith is lost in glo-rious sight.



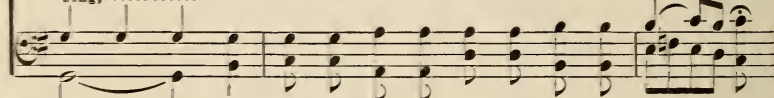
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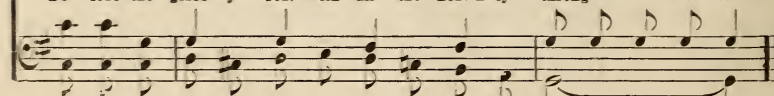
Then let us all be pa-tient till the morn-ing, And make the jour-ney
And make the jour-ney bright with



bright with song; Un - til we stand in per-fect heav'n-ly glo - ry,
song;.....



Be-side the glass - y sea, with all the heav'n-ly throng.
Be-side the glass - y sea, with all the heav'n-ly throng.....



My Guiding Star.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY,
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.Rev. Chas. W. Collinge.
2nd Tenor.B. D. Ackley.
Parts.

1. My Guid - ing Star shines for me in - to night, And oh, the light!
 2. My Guid - ing Star shines for me in - to day, To light the way,
 3. And when at last the evening time shall spread, A - bout my bed;

2nd Tenor.

And oh, the light! Once deep - est dark-ness veiled the way I went,
 To light the way, For when the world so fills my wea - ry eyes,
 A - bout my bed; When murmured low the part-ings, and the heart,

Parts.

2nd Tenor.

My Star was sent, My Star was sent, And now, e'en in the gloaming
 And His dear skies, And His dear skies, So far a - way, sweet star I
 For - gets it's part, For - gets its part, Then, out the dawn-ing new, be-

Parts.

as I go, I see His glow, I see His glow, And now, e'en in the
 need Thy ray, To light my day, To light my day, So far a-way, sweet
 yond, a - far, Shall shine my Star, Shall shine my Star, Then, out the dawning

gloom-ing as I go, I see His glow, I see His glow.
 Star I need Thy ray, To light my day, To light my day.
 new, be - yond a - far, Shall shine my Star, Shall shine my Star.

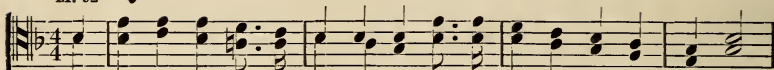
The Bugles Blow!

E. E. Hewitt.

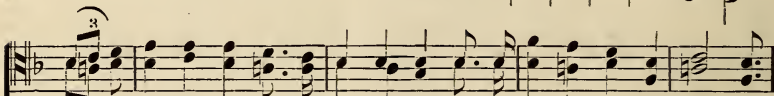
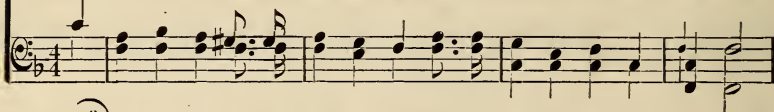
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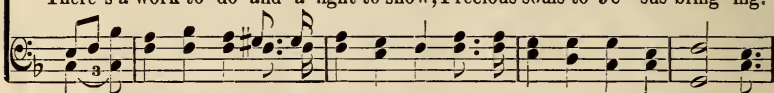
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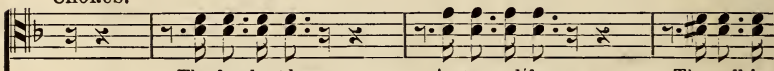
1. March on-ward still! hear the bugles blow! See the Cross that shines be-fore us!
2. March on-ward still on life's bat-tle-field, Sounding forth sal-va-tion's sto-ry;
3. March on-ward still! hear the bugles blow! There's a call to du-ty ring-ing!



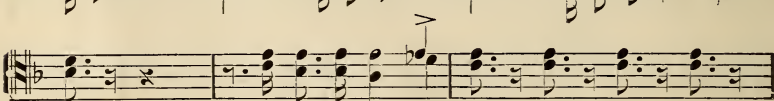
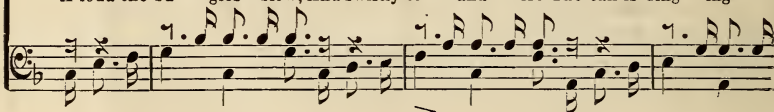
Trusting Christ our Lord, in His name we go, With a loud tri-um-phiant cho-rus.
For the Lord our God is our sun and shield, And He giv-eth grace and glo-ry.
There's a work to do and a light to show, Precious souls to Je-sus bring-ing.



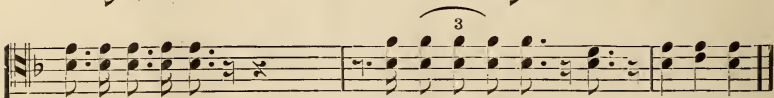
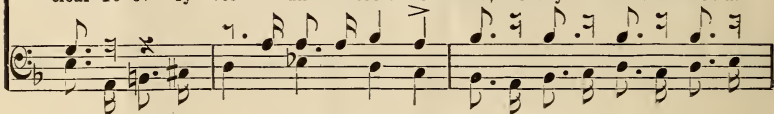
CHORUS.



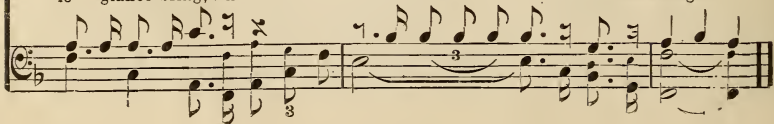
The bugles blow, As to and fro The call is
A-loud the bu-gles blow, And swiftly to and fro The call is ring-ing



clear, O vol-un-tee! Be-hold, the day is
clear To ev-'ry vol-un-tee! Be-hold, the day is here! a-rise! al-



here! Allegiance bring, And en-ter the serv-ice of the King!
le-giance bring, And en-ter the serv-ice of the King!...



Holding On.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 88 =

1. I'm hold-ing on tho' doubts op-press, And cares on ev-'ry side dis-tress;
2. I'm hold-ing on, tho' I must go By faith, not sight; but well I know
3. I'm hold-ing on, His voice I hear! How can I ev-er yield to fear!

Still to His prom-ise-word I cling, The truth that last-ing joy will bring.
A tow'r of strength my Lord will be; Thro' Him I'll gain the vic-to-ry.
Be-yond His love I can-not fall, The Christ di-vine, my all in all.

CHORUS.

I'm hold-ing on, I'm hold-ing on! His
I'm hold-ing on, hold-ing on, I'm hold-ing on! His

might-y hand my strength shall be; I'm hold-ing on, I'm
might-y hand of pow'r my strength shall be; I'm hold-ing on,

hold-ing on! Yes, hold-ing on till Him I see.
hold-ing on, I'm hold-ing on!


Keep the Lights Burning.


E. E. Hewitt

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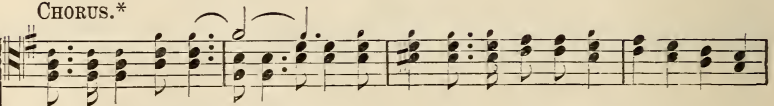
Melody in 2nd Tenor.

- 
1. Keep the lights burning! the bil-lows are high, And dark is the roll-ing wave! Far
 2. Keep the lights burning! be constant in prayer, Re - plen-ish the oil of grace; The
 3. Keep the lights bnrring! the bea-con of love Streams out on the sea a - far, And,
 4. Keep the lights burning! for, aft - er the night, How blest will the meeting be With



out on the o-cean a ship pass-es by, Be read-y thy broth-er to save.
mer-cy of Je-sus pro-claim ev'rywhere, And car-ry His joy in your face.
guid-ing the wand'rer to heav-en a-bove, It shines like a beau-ti-ful star.
some one who, seeing the bea-con so bright, Was saved from the storm-beaten sea.


CHORUS.*



burn-ing
Keep the light burning, burning, burning, A soul may be sink-ing to-night in darkness!



to - night!



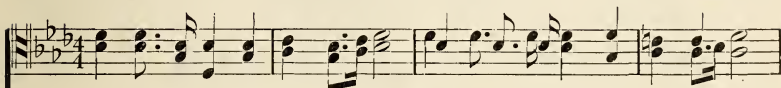
burn-ing stead-y and bright!
Keep the light burn-ing, burn-ing, burn-ing stead-y, clear and bright.

*A :strong tenor (or an alto) may sing the part indicated by small notes.

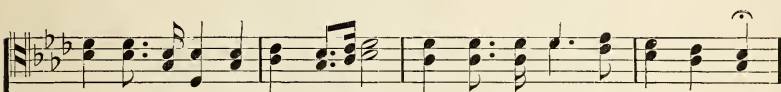
W. C. Poole.

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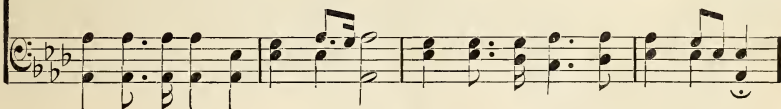
Kem G. Bottorf.



1. Long, long the night, and dark and chill, Till One in pit - y saw earth's gloom,
2. Long, long the night! For countless years The world has groped in dark-ness, lost!
3. Long, long the night, but One at last Brings tri-umph o - ver death and sin;
4. Long, long the night; Lord hear my plea, For - give that I kept Thee out-side,



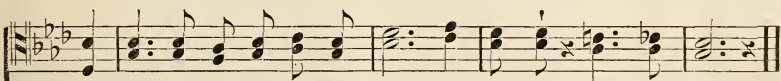
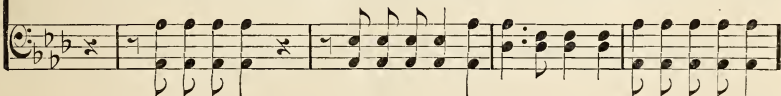
And came with light the world to fill; Hast thou, lone heart, for Je - sus room?
The grave had naught but fears and tears Till Je - sus came at such a cost.
Christ conquers death—the night is past, O heart of mine, let Christ come in.
O make my heart to wor - thy be For Thee to en - ter and a - bide.



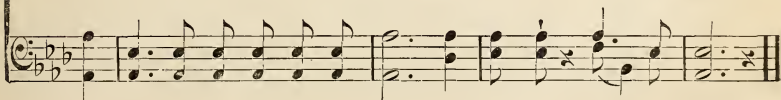
CHORUS.



Make room, make room, The Master stands outside;
My heart make room, my heart make room, the Master stands outside



• He comes to scat-ter all thy gloom—He must not be de - nied.



Charlotte G. Homer.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 96

1. Be strong in the Lord, in the pow'r of His might, Be strong! Be
 2. Go forth full - y shod with the gos - pel of peace,
 3. Pray al-ways, and watch, for the tempt-er's a-broad! Be strong!

strong! Go ye forth in the ar - mor of God for the right—Yours shall
 Faith will give you a strength that will dai-ly increase—All things
 Be strong! Fear ye not! firm-ly stand on the word of our God—For the

CHORUS.

be the vic-tor's song. In the Lord, in the Lord,
 shall to you be - long.
 fight will not be long. (Be strong!) Be strong in the Lord,.....

He will shield and safe-ly guide, Un-der-neath His wings will
 Fear not, He will shield and guide you, Un-der-neath

hide you, And your faith-ful-ness re-ward;
 His wings will hide you, Be strong! Be

Be Strong.



In the Lord, in the Lord! Trusting in His great sal-va-tion;
 strong..... in the Lord!..... In His great sal-va-tion trust; He will

He will hear your sup-pli-ca-tion, Be strong in the Lord, be strong!
 hear..... your sup-pli-ca - tion,

13

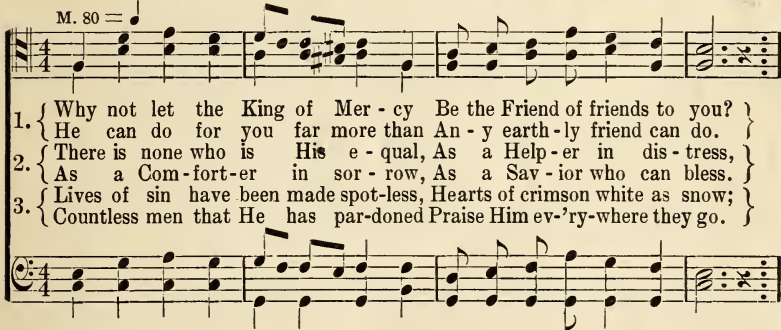
Your Friend.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

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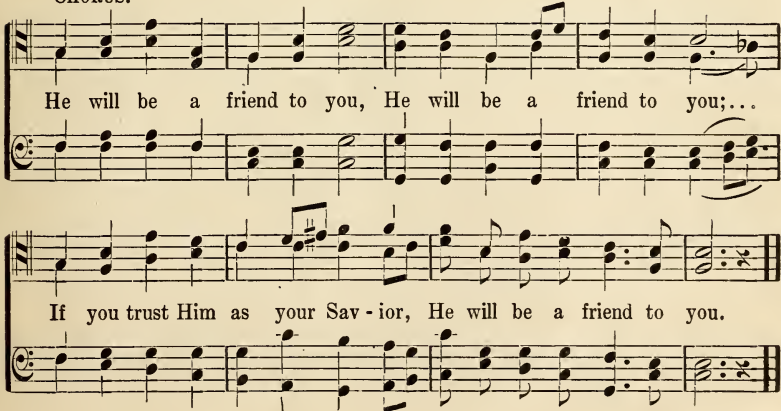
Part of Melody borrowed.

M. 80 =



1. { Why not let the King of Mer-cy Be the Friend of friends to you? }
 { He can do for you far more than An-y earth-ly friend can do. }
 2. { There is none who is His e-equal, As a Help-er in dis-tress, }
 { As a Com-fort-er in sor-row, As a Sav-ior who can bless. }
 3. { Lives of sin have been made spot-less, Hearts of crimson white as snow; }
 { Countless men that He has par-doned Praise Him ev-'ry-where they go. }

CHORUS.



He will be a friend to you, He will be a friend to you;...

If you trust Him as your Sav-ior, He will be a friend to you.

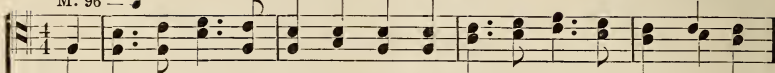
Our Anchor Holds!

C. H. G.

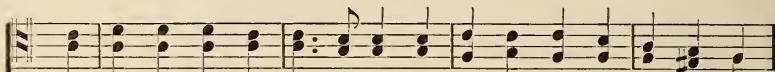
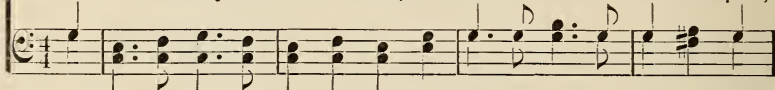
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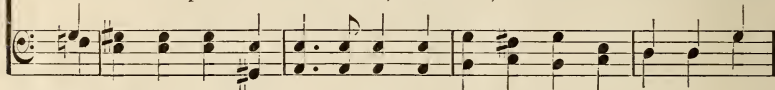
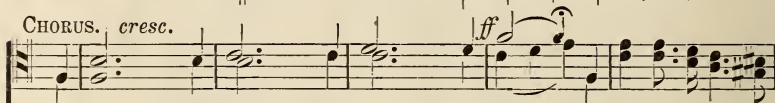
M. 96 =



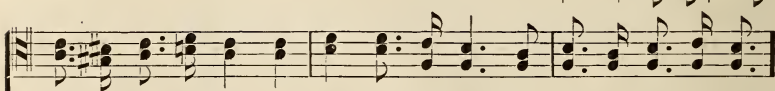
1. We're sail-ing o'er an un-known sea To- ward the port E- ter- ni- ty;
2. The cloud by day, the fire by night Mark out our on-ward course a- right;
3. Tho' storm and tide their pow'rs en-gage, And ev- er- last-ing death pre-sage,
4. De- struc-tion may our craft as- sail; Be- fore its wrath we do not quail;



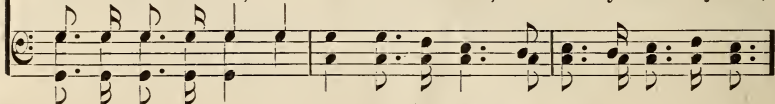
Se- cure from rock and shoal are we, For Christ the Lord, our An-chor, holds.
No lurk-ing dan- ger can af-fright, For, strong and sure, our An-chor holds.
We smile at their u- nit- ed rage, For we are safe—our An-chor holds!
Our Pi- lot's pres-ence shall a-vail, Praise God, we're safe! Our An-chor holds!

CHORUS, *cresc.*

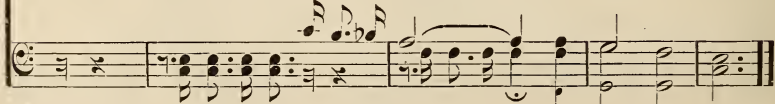
Our An - chor holds! It can - not fail!... Our Pi-lot is He whose
Our Anchor holds in ev-'ry gale! Our Anchor holds, it can-not fail!



will com-mands the sea; No fear can we know, tho' storm-y winds may blow,



Our An-chor holds,..... Our An-chor holds!..... Our An - chor holds!
Our Anchor holds! Our Anchor holds!



*When practical, a number of Tenors take grace notes.

No. 15.

Nothing to Thee.

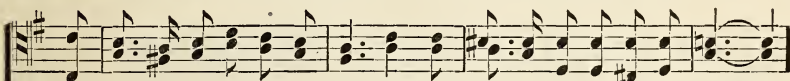
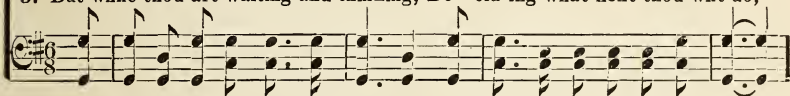
Melody in 2nd Tenor.

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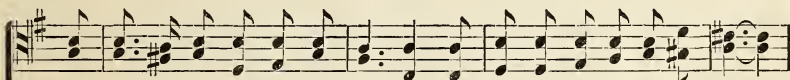
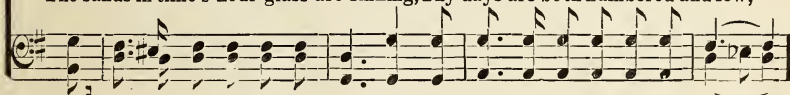
C. W. Waggoner.



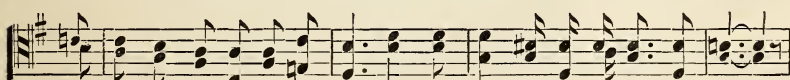
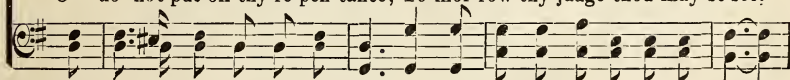
1. God's love is both matchless and tender, The wealth of it nev-er was told;
2. Back-slid-er, thy God-giv-en chan-ces, Say, wilt thou con-tin-ue to spurn;
3. But while thou art waiting and thinking, De - cid-ing what next thou wilt do,



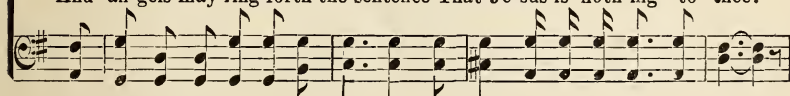
Poor soul, hast thou nothing to ren-der, Thy-self wilt thou e-ven with-hold?
While Sa - tan still fur-ther ad-van-ces And makes it more hard to re-turn?
The sands in time's hour-glass are sinking, Thy days are both numbered and few;



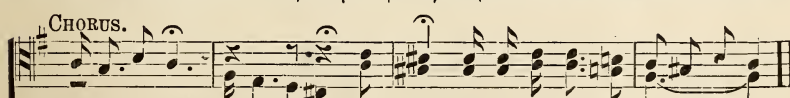
His Son left the mansions of heav-en, No home and no comforts had He;
Sin's pleasures to thee once were hateful, Thy joy was the joy of the free;
O do not put off thy re-pen-tance, To-mor-row thy judge thou may'st see.



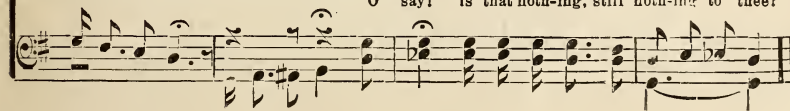
His side by the sol-dier was riv - en O say! is that noth-ing to thee?
Yet, tho' thou are faithless, He's faithful, O say! is that noth-ing to thee?
And an-gels may ring forth the sentence That Je-sus is noth-ing to thee!



CHORUS.



Nothing to thee! Nothing to thee! O say! is that nothing to thee?
O say! is that noth-ing, still noth-ing to thee?



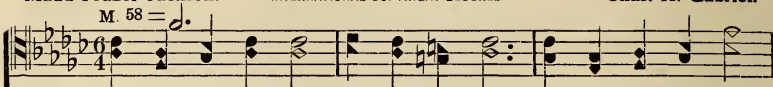
The King's Invitation.

Maud Frazer Jackson.

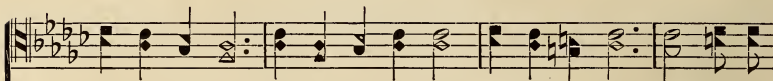
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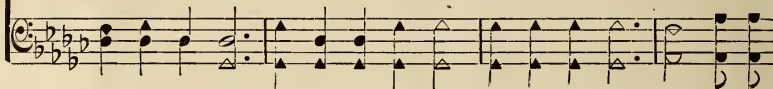
M. 58 =



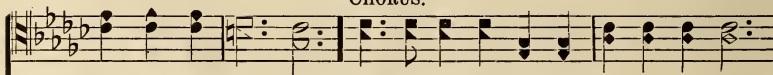
1. Soul in the dark-ness, soul in de-spair, God still is call-ing,
2. No lon-ger doubt it, God's love for thee; His dear Son suf-fered
3. None are ex-clud-ed, wel-come to-day, Souls that have wan-dered
4. All your trans-gres-sions God will for-give; In His own pres-ence



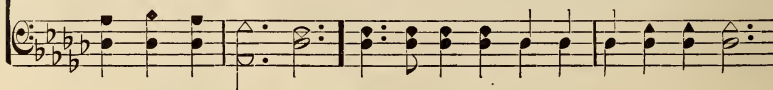
God still doth care; For you is par-don He doth de-clare; Here is the
on Cal-va-ry; Writ in His life-blood, sin-ner, now see, Here is the
far, far a-stray; Heed not the tempt-er, bid-ding you stay; Here is the
your soul may live; Oh, do not doubt it, God will re-ceive; Here is the



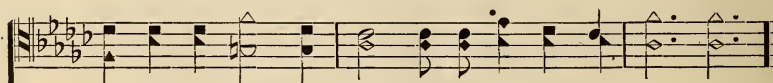
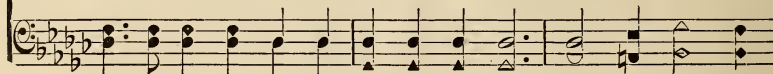
CHORUS.



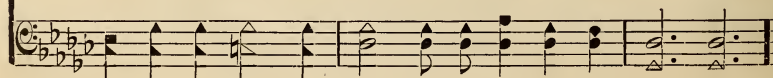
King's in-vi-ta-tion. Here is His Word that is stead-fast and true:



Here in His Word is the mes-sage for you; Come, oh! come, why



yet will you lin-ger? Here is the King's in-vi-ta-tion.



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